THE OLD WARMIN' PAN.

Nime o'clock and upstairs; oh, the breathfreezing room With its audil-'s silence and tangible

Oh, the shivers and dreads of that tor-

And the demons that danced down our To the squeaky quadrille of the old weath-

When, snuggled therein on the sinkaway in Dreamland 'twas spring, thank the Old

Warmin' Pan.

From the farthest confines they might

marshal their hosts, Upstairs Could approach, undefiled, this, the surest

Deep down in our feathers, twixt laven-Pecking over the counterpane's regular

We laughed all the bugaboos square in the Till they make their retreat in the hush-

Poor things! they were awful, but blame them who can, For no doubt they begrudged us our Old Warmin' Pan.

Oh, the Old Warmin' Pan! How the mem-Those days were of silver, those nights were of gold. And each homely object my childhood held

The starlight, the stillness, the frostgleaming pane, The weird-weaving shadows, the wind's

The hand at the door and the step in the For the lack in the child is the love in the

Toward the genius that wielded the Old -Art. Wheelock Upson, in Chicago Times-



CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED. But with the edict that no more troops should be sent came comfort to the souls of these bereaved ones. Transports would not go without troops, and Mrs. Frank could not go without transports, the journey was far too expensive. They wished her no evil, of course; but if they were themselves forbidden how could they rejoice that she should be permitted? They were actually beginning to feel a bit charitable toward her when the Queen with the latest news. The fifth expedi tion had been halted there and put in eamp. The hospital held several officers. Billy Gray was down with brain fever, and there had been a furious scene between him and his peppery colonel before the breakdown; and by that same steamer Mrs. Garrison had got a letter that had made her turn white and tremble, as Mrs. Stockman saw and told, and then shut herself up in her room an entire day. Now for nearly a fortnight the lovely guest had been daily hinting that she really must go home, "dear Witchie" was surely tired of her; and Witchie disclaimed and protested and vowed she could not live without her devoted friend. But then had come that letter and with it a change of tone and tactics. Witchie ceased to remonstrate or reprove Mrs. Stockman, and the latter felt that she must go, and Witchie consented with-

out demur. In no pleasant mood Armstrong mounted and trotted for the east gate. The road was lined with camps and volunteers at drill. Vehicles were froquently moving to and fro; but the sentry at the entrance had kept track of them, and in response to question answered promptly and positively Mrs. Garrison's earriage had not come that way. "But," said he, "the wagon with the lady's baggage did. I saw the name on the trunks.

The colonel turned in saddle and coolly surveyed him. "Do you mean Mrs. Stockman's name?" he asked, in quiet tone. "How many trunks were there?"

"Ch, some of them might have had Mrs. Stockman's name, sir; but the two or three that I saw were marked M. G."

This was unlooked-for news. To her next-door neighbor Mrs. Garrison had said nothing about going away with Mrs. Stockman, and Armstrong had grave need to see her and to see her at nee. The train for Los Angeles did not leave until evening. Possibly they were Unching somewhere - spending the afternoon with friends in town. He rode direct to headquarters. Some of the staff might be able to tell, was his theory; and one of them justified it.

"Did I happen to meet Mrs. Garrison? Yes, I just saw her aboard the China." "Aboard the China!" exclaimed Armstrong, with a sudden thrill of excite-

ment. "D'you mean she is going?" "Didn't ask ber. They were hustling everybody ashore, and I had only time to give dispatches to the purser; but she was on deck with friends when I

came away." People wondered that day at the speed with which the tall officer, followed by his orderly, clattered away down Market street. In less than ten to the China's stage. Too late! Al- sharp nose toward the open sea; and already it was swung aloft, the lines were most the last thing Honolulu saw of cast loose, and the huge black mass her human freight was the finy, dainty.

its moorings. The rail of the prom- spotless kerchief in fond farewell. iana, a safe old tub, if she was slow; hear. A gentle voice, the voice of all actually in command. others he most longed to hear, repeated the name and strove to call atten- later and deftly piloting that bewil-But ah, every terror, each recess of dread we forgot in the depths of our billowy the upper deck; but he recess to dark attendance and deftly piloting that bewilthe upper deck; but he was deaf to deck, she came, just as she had planned both. Eagerly, anxiously, incredulous- to come, face to face once more with ly he was searching along that crowded Stanley Armstrong. Well she knew rail, and all on a sudden he saw her. that under the escort of that exalted A well-won protection from bogies and animation, stylishly gowned and fairly burdened with roses; and it was she knew that had he heard of her sudright at him she was gazing, nodding, den determination to go to Honolulu But no spook in the whole vast domain of smiling, all sweetness, all confiding, trusting joy; with just a little of tri- rogation, possibly something worse; umph, too, and a tinge of sentimental and her heart failed her when she realsorrow in the parting. Apparently, it | ized that the man who had gauged her was all for him; for her blue eyes never | shallow nature years before, now heid sible, she finally tossed to him, standing wrath he made no effort to catch it. gliding away, and over him swept the consciousness of utter defeat, of exasto fathom her motives in thus singling him out for such conspicuous-even affectionate-demonstration. Triumph and delight he could have understood, but not, not this semblance of confidential relations, not at least until he felt his arm grasped by a cordial hand, heard his name spoken by a friendly voice, and Mr. Prime's pleasant inquiry: "Have you no greeting for other friends?" Then the hot blood rushed to his face and showed even through the bronze as, turning, his troubled

CHAPTER XIV.

Amy Lawrence.

eyes met full the clear, placid gaze of

Mid October. The Queen of the Fleet, the finest transport of the Pacific serv ice, thronged with boys in blue at last ordered on to Manila, lay at the wharf at Honolulu, awaiting her commander's orders to cast loose. In strong force and with stentorian voices, the Primeval Dudes joined in rollicking chorus to the crashing accompaniment of their band, and, when they could take time to rest, the crowd ashore set up a cheer. The Hawaiian national hand, in spotless white, forming huge and meiodious circle on the wharf, vied with the musicians from the states in the spirit and swing of their stirring airs "Aloha Oe! Aloha Oe!" chorused the surging throng, affoat and ashore, as wreaths nim a pathetic tale the very day of his of the Fleet herself came in Honolulu and garlands-the leis of the islanders orst peep at the Royal Hawaiian hotel, vorite officer or favored man. The troops still held to service in Hawaii shouted good-will and good-by to those ordered on to the Philippines. The Dudes of the Queen, and the lads from the prairies and the mountains on other transports anchored in the deep but narrow harbor, yelled soldierly condolence to those condemned to stay. The steam of the 'scape' pipe roared loudly and belched dense white clouds on high, swelling the uproar. Dusky little Kanaka boys, diving for nickels and paddling tireless about the ship, added their shrill cries to the clamor. The captain, in his natty uniform of blue and gold, stepped forth upon the bridge to take command, and raised his banded cap in recognition of the constant cheer from the host ashore and the throng of blue shirts on the forecastle head. Then arose another shout, as a veteran officer, in the undress uniform of a general, appeared upon that sacred bound, and, bowing to the crowd, was escorted by the captain to the end overlooking the animated scene below; and then the signal was given, the heavy lines were cast off and hauled swiftly in, the massive screw began slowly to churn the waters at the stern, and gently, almost imperceptibly at first, the Queen slid noiselessly along the edge of the dock, to the accompaniment of a little volley of flowers and garlands tossed from eager hands, and a cheer of godspeed from the swarm of upturned faces. And then there 'uprose another shout, a shout of mingled merriment, surprise and applause; for all on a sudden there darted up the stairway from the crowded promenade deck to the sacred perch above, defiant of the lettered warning: "Passengers are not allowed upon the bridge," a dainty vision in filmy white, and all in the next moment there appeared at the general's side, smiling, bowing, blowing kisses, waving adieux, all sparkle, animation, radiance and rejoicing, a bewitching little figure, in the airiest, loveliest of summer toilets. The Red Cross nurses on the deck below looked at one another and gasped. Two brave army girls, wives of wounded officers in the Philippines, who by special dispensation were making the voyage on the Queen, glanced quickly at each other and said-nothing audible. The general, difting his cap, but looking both deprecation and embarrassment, fell back and gave his place at the white rail to the new arrival, and colored high when she suddenly turned and took his arm. The captain, trying not to see her or to appear conscious of this infraction of a stringent rule and invasion of his dignity, grew redder as he shouted rapid orders and swung his big, beautiful ship well out into the stream. The minutes Armstrong was at the crowd- guns of the Bennington boomed a deafed pier and pushing through the throng ening salute as the Queen turned her

enade deck swarmed with faces, some | Once clear of the narrow entrance the radiant, some tearful. Words of adieu, big troopship headed westward toward fluttering kerchiefs, waving hands the setting sun, shook free the reins, as suggested that no one had the harditossing flowers were there on every it were, and, followed by less favored side. Two officers, Honolulu bound. craft, sped swiftly on her way, Witchie Where we bumped our poor heads on the shouted Armstrong's name, and a Garrison, the latest addition to the cheery good-by; but he did not seem to passenger list, entirely at home, if not

Leaning on the general's arm an hour

of cross question or interference. Well

she could not have escaped stern inter-

faltered till they fixed his gaze, and a lash over her head in the shape of the then, kiss after kiss she threw to him paper that mad vanity had prompted with the daintily gloved little hand, her to write and send to the officer of and, leaning far down over the rail, the guard the day that Stewart sailed. lowering it toward him as much as pos- What madness it was, indeed, yet how could she have dreamed it would fall ing there stern and spellbound, a into the hands of the man of all others bunch of beautiful roses she had torn | she feared and respected—the one man from her corsage. It fell almost at his who, had he but cared, could years ago feet, for in his astonishment and ris- have had her love, the man who, because he cared not, had won her hate! A man, stooping quickly, rescued and And, now that he held or had held this handed it to him. Mechanically he paper—nothing less than a forged order las grown to an idol through many a said: "Thank you," and took it, a in her husband's name as aide-de-camp thorn pricking deep into the flesh as to Gen. Drayton, she could have cowhe did so; and still his eyes were fixed | ered at his feet in her terror of him, on that fairy form now surely, swiftly | yet braved him with smiles, sweetness and gayety, with arch merriment and joyous words, quitting for the moment The low, gentle sound of the motherly peration, of dismay, even as he strove the general's arm that she might extend to him both her little whitegloved hands. Gravely he took the left own. The agreement was clinched that in his left while with the right he raised his forage cap in combined salute to the woman and to his superior officer. Gravely and almost instantly he released it, and listened in helpless patience to her torrent of playful words; but his eyes were on the general's face as though he would ask could he, the general, know the true character of the woman he had honored above all her sisterhood on board, in thus taking her to the bridge whereon neither officer nor man nor nurse nor army wife had presumed to set foot in all the six days' run from San Francisco; as though he would ask if the general knew just what she was, this blithe, dainty, winsome little thing that nestled so confidingly -indeed, so snugly-close to his battered side, and who had virtually taken possession of him in the face of an envious and not too silent eirele of her own sex. Truth to tell, the chief would rather bave escaped. He was but an indifferent sailor, and the Queen's long, lazy roll over the ocean surges was exciting in his inner consciousness a longing for cracked ice and champagne. He had known her but the few days the Queen remained in port, coaling and from the bay of Honolulu. preparing for the onward voyage across. the broad Pacific: but a great functionary of the general government had told -were twined or hung about some fa- had given him a capital dinner at that An Instance of Heroic Self Sacrific. famous hostelry, whereat she appeared in charming attire, and in a flow of spirits simply irresistible. Her sallies of wit had made him roar with delight; her mimicry of one or two conscientious but acidulated dames who had come over on the Queen, bound as nurses for Manila, had tickled him to the verge of apoplexy; but when later she backed him into the coolest corner of the "lanai" with the plash of fountain close at hand, and the sweet music of Berger's famous band floating softly on the vening air, and told him how her father had loved to talk of his, the general's, dash and daring in the great days of the great war, and led him on to tell of his campaigns in the Shenandoah and the west, listening with dilated eyes and parted lips, the campaigner himself was captivated, and she had her will. A great senator had told him how she had come thither to nurse a gallant young officer in her husband's regiment, how she had pulled the boy through the perils of brain fever until he was now convalescent and going on to rejoin his comrades in Manila, and she, she was pining to reach her husband now serving on Gen. Drayton's staff. Other women were aboard the Queen; could not Gen. Crabb find room for her? It is hard for a soldier to refuse a pretty woman or a prominent member of the committee on military affairs. There was not a vacant stateroom on the ship. Officers were sleeping three or four in a room, so were the Red Cross nurses; and the two army wives already aboard had been assigned a little cubbyhole of a cabin in which only one could dress at | pressed more than human eyes are aca time. There were only two apartments on the big craft that were not | veal .- New Voice. filled to their capacity-the room occupied by that sea monarch, the captain, and that which, from having been the 'iadies boudoir," had been fitted up for the accommodation of the general. The piano had been wheeled out on deck, the writing table stowed away, and a fine new wide brass bedstead, with dainty white curtains and mosquito bar, a large bureau and a washstand had been moved in, and these, with easy-chairs, electric fans, electric lights and abundant air. made it the most desirable room on the ship. Even Armstrong, colonel commanding the troops aboard, was compelled to share his little cabin with his adjutant, and the general's aides were bundled into a "skimpy" box between decks. There really seemed no place for Mrs. Garrison aboard, especially when it was found that the passenger list was to be increased by three, a surgeon and two officers going forward from Honolulu; and one of these was our old friend and once light-hearted Billy Gray, now nearly convalescent, but weak and, as

All this was explained to the senator. It was even suggested that there was was just beginning to back slowly from | winsome little figure in white, waving a | room for Mrs. Garrison on the Louis | the temptation."- Brooklyn Lite.

to Manila.

but Mrs. Frank looked so pathetic and resigned when this arrangement was hood to actually dwell upon it, and the senator said it was a shame to think of it. With whom of her own sex could she associate on that long, hot voyage ahead of them? Why not transfer some of the Red Cross nurses to the Louisinna? Mrs. Garrison had no objections, but they had; and the surgeon in charge made prompt and vigorous protest. He knew Mrs. Frank, and she knew him and did not in the least despair. She still had a plan. There was Yes, there she stood, all gayety, grace | rank she was safe from any possibility | a cozy dinner one evening-just the evening before the departure of the Queen, and the gallant captain of the ship, the veteran general, the quartermaster in charge of transportation, the member of the senate military committee, some charming girls-but none so charming as Mrs. Garrison-were of the party. There was some sentiment and much champagne, as a result of which, at one a. m., the big-hearted sea monarch aforementioned swore by the bones of his ancestors in the slin-y grasp of Davy Jones that that sweet little woman shouldn't have to go a-begging for accorsmodations on his ship. If the general would condescend to move into his room, by thunder, he'd sleep up in his foul-weather den next the chart room, and Mrs. Garrison-God bless her!-could take the general's room, and be queen of the shipqueen of the Queen-queen of queensby Jupiter! and here's her health with all honor! A soldier, of course, could be no less gallant than a sailor, especially as the captain's room was a bit better than the "Boudoir," and had an campaigner was bidden to consider his very night before the party broke up; and little Mrs. Frank shed tears of gratitude upon the general's coatsleeve and threw kiss after kiss to the handsome sailor as she hung over the balusters of the broad veranda and waved them away in their swift-running cabs, and then danced off to her room and threw herself on the bed after a mad pirouette about the spacious apartment, and laughed and laughed until real tears trickled from her eyes, and then gave orders to be called at seven o'clock. She meant to be up and aboard that ship with all her luggage before sense and repentance could come with the morning sun-before either soldier or sailor could change

> To the amaze of the women already aboard, to the grave annoyance of Cor Armstrong, to the joy of poor Billy Gray, and the mischievous merriment of several youngsters on the commissioned list, Mrs. Frank Garrison, the latest arrival, became sole occupant of the finest room on the ship; and it was a bower of lilies and tropical fruit and flowers the breezy day she sailed away

> > [To Be Continued.]

FOR HIS FRIEND.

in the Humbler Walks of Life.

James Brown and Harry Lee were the closest of friends. They were painters by trade and unmarried. James Brown, however, was the only support of an invalid mother, the fact being well known

The two young men were at work upon one of the high buildings of the city. For some reason Harry had occasion to descend to the ground, and there noticed for the first time how insecure was James' position. At the same mo- Four trains weekdays, three Sandays, ment he was horrified to see him losing his footing.

As quickly as thought can work Harry remembered the invalid mother, and stepped in an instant directly into the spot where James would drop, and braced himself.

By something like a miracle he succeeded in his purpose of rescue. When the two men were brought into the Flower hospital in New York, it was discovered that Harry had not received fatal injury, and that James, for whom he had risked his life, was suffering chiefly from the breaking of both wrists and the bones of one ankle.

Harry, who was the first to be well enough to report for duty, found a pleasure in caring for the invalid mother of his friend as if he were her son.

The doctors of the hospital, who alone were aware of the facts, report an expression of gratitude upon the face of or money refunded. Contains James whenever Harry visited him during his convalescence, a look that excustomed to see or human hearts to re-

A Sharp Retort.

A well-known dean of Norwich tells the following good story against himself:

Some few weeks ago he came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon luncheon.

The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so was duly lectured for his lack of manners. "You seem, my lad, to be better fed than taught."

"Very likely," answered the lad, slicing off a piece of bacon, "for ye teaches Oi, but Oi feeds meself."-London An-

The Merciful Motorman.

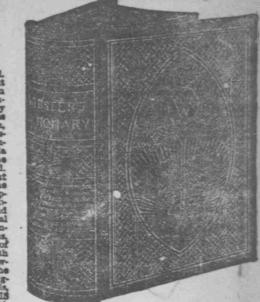
"The fellow coming out of that saloon owes his life to me," said the Brooklyn motorman to the new hand to whom he was teaching the business. "How's that?" asked the beginner, as he piled all the passengers to the front of the car by a quick movement of the all could see, feverishly eager to get on | brake,

> "One night," explained the motorman, "he was lying heipless across the track, and I resisted, and conquered

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